Aaron in the Wild Woods.

By JOHL CHANDLER HARRIS.

XIII THE APPARITION THE FOX HUNTERS SAW.

As the fall came on the young men-ansome of the older ones, too-began to in duige in the sport of fox hunting. They used no guns, but pursued Reynard will horse and bound in the English fashion The foxes in that region were mostly gray but the red ones had begun to come is and as they came the grays began to pack up their belongings-as the saying is-au seek homes elsewhere.

The Turner old fields, not far from the Abercrombie place, and still closer to the Swamp, were famous for their foxes-first for the grays and afterward for the reds There seemed to be some attraction for them in the old fields. The acrub pines, growing thickly together, and not highe than a man's waist, and the brier patche scattered about, afforded a fine cover for Mr. Fox, gray or red, being shady and cool in summer time, and sheltered from the cold winter winds. And if it was fine for Mr. Fox it was finer for the birds; for here Mrs. Partridge could lend her brood in safety out of sight of Man, and here the Sparrows and smaller birds were safe from the blue Falcon, she of the keen eye and swift wing.

And Mr. Fox was as conning as his not was sharp. He knew that the bird that made its home in the Tumerold fields must roost low, and what could be more convenient for Mr Fox than that-especially at the dead hours of night when he creeping around as noiselessly as a shadow pretending that he wanted to whisper a secret in their ears? Indeed that was the main reason why Mr. Fox lived in the Turner old fields, or went there at night, for he was no tree climber. And so it came to pass that when those who were fond o fox hunting wanted to include in that prose before dawn and went straight to the Turner old fields.

Now, when George Gossett and his patrolling companions ceased for a time to go frolicking about the country at night on the plea that they were looking after the safety of the plantations, they con-cluded that it would be good for their health and spirits to go fox hunting occasismally. Each had two or three hound to brag on, so that when all the does were brought together they made a pack of more than respectable size.

One Sunday, when the fall was fairly ad vanced, the air being crisp and bracing, and the mornings frosty, these young men met at a church and arranged to inaugurate the fox hunling season the next marning. They were to no home, get their dogs and meet at Gossett's, his plantation lying nearest to the Turner old fields. This program was duly carried out. The young men stayed all night with George Gossett, ate breakfast before slaybreak and started for the Tumer old fields. As they set out a question arose whether they should go through the Aber crombic place, the nearest way, or whether they should go around by the road. The darkness of night was still over wood and field, but there was a suggestion of gray in the east. If the hunting party had been dofonly those who had been in th habit of patrolling with George Gossett prompt enoice would have been made of the public road; but young Gossett had invited an acquaintance from another settle ment to join them-a gentleman who has reached the years of maturity, but who was vigorous enough to enjoy a cross-country ride to hounds.

This gentleman had been told of the strange experience of the patrollers in Mr Abercrombde's pasture lot. Some of the details had been suppressed. For one thing, the young mea had not confessed to him boy badly they had been frightened. They sim ply told him enough to arouse his curiosity When, therefore, the choice of routes hy between the public road and the short-cut through the Abercrombie pasture, the ger tleman was eager to go by way of the asture where his young friends had be held the wonderful vision that has already been described. When they displayed some hesitation in the matter, he railled then smartly on their lack of nerve, and in this way. George Gossett, who had no lack of mere physical courage, consented to lead the way if the others would "keep close be-But none of them except the gentlerum who was moved by curiosity, of who attributed the mystery of the affair to frequent visits to Mr. Fullalove's stillhouse, had any stomach for the journey through the pasture, for not even George Gossetz desired to invite a repetition of the passed on that memorable night.

As they came to the double gates, the young man who had insisted that Timoleon as Beelzebub concluded to leave an ave nue by which to escape if the necessity So he rode forward discommended and opened the gates. Then he made a great pretence of shutting them, but allowed to remain open instead. This operation left him somewhat behind his comons, as he intended it should, for he had made up his mind to wheel his horse and run for it if he heard any commotic ahead of him. In that event the delay he purposely made would leave him neares

Seeing that the young man did not come up as quickly as he should have done, George Gossett, in whom the spirit of mischlef had no long periods of repose, suggested that they touch up their horses and give their companion a scare. This suggestion was promptly acted on. The commotion his companions made caused the young man to pause a moment before putting apur te his horse to rejoin them. This delay placed several hundred yards between him and the party with Gossett. He realized this as he rode after them, but was consoled by the fact that, in the event of any trouble, he had a better opportunity to escape than they did.

But he had hardly gone fifty yards from the double gates before he heard some sort of noise in that direction. He half turned in his saddle and looked behind him. The vague gray of the morning had become so inextricably mixed and mingled with the darkness of the night that such light as there was seemed to blur the vision rather than aid it. But when the young man turned in his saddle he saw enough to convince him that he was likely to have company in his ride after his come

home into a more rapid gait. He wanted to see what it might be that was now so vaguely outlined. He strained his eyes but could see nothing but a black and shapeless mass, which seemed to be following him. He could see that it was moving rapidly, whatever it was, but the gray light was so dim and gave such pe even to objects close at hand that he found it impossible either to gratify his curosity or satisfy his fears. So he settled himself firmly in the saddle, ed spurs to his horse, and rode head long after his companions. He looked ad occasionally, but the black mass was always nearer. The faster his horse went the faster came the Thing.

Fach time he kecked back his alarm rose

gher, for the Thing was closer whenever

proportions, that he ceased to look back out address himself entirely to the work of urging his barse to higher speed. Pres-ently he heard quick, ficrce sports on his right, and his eye caught sight of the Thing. tts course was parallel with his own, and it was not more than twenty yards away.

He saw enough for his alarm to rise to he heleight of terror. He saw something that had the head and feet of a black borse. out the body was wanting. No! There was a body and a rider, but the rider work long, palegray robe, and he was headless If this was the Black Demon that the young nan had seen in this pasture on a former scusion, be was now more terrible than over, for he was guided by a headless tider.

The young man would have checked his orse, but the effort was in vain. The orse had eyes. He also had seen the Thing, and had swerved away from it, but he was on frightened to pay any attention to bit The Black Thing was going faster than the frigitened horse, and it soon drew way, the pale gray robe of the rider thatter ing about like a tierce rignal of warning The voibir man's borse was soon under cor trol, and in a few minutes be came up with his companions. He found them huddled having been instinctively made by the

The men appeared to be somewhat sur prised to see their companion come galloping up to them. After riding away from the young man who had taken it upon him self to leave the double gatus open, the nen had concluded to wait for him when they came to the bars that opened on he public road. But the gallep of their torses had subsided into a walk when they ere still some distance from that point They were conversing about the merits of heir favorite dogs, when suddenly they seard from behind them the sound of a galloping horse. They saw, as the young man had seen, a dark, moving mass, gradually assume the shape of a tiack horse with a headless rider, wearing a long, pate gray robe. The apparition was somewha further from them when it possed than it had been from their companion, whom, is spirit of mischief, they had deserted, but he Black Thing threatened to come closer. for, when it had gone beyond them, i changed its course, described a half circle, and vanished from sight on the side of the pasture opposite to that on which it had

What do you think now?" said George Gossett, speaking in a low tone to the gen deman who had been inclined to grow merry when the former experience of the patroll

"What do I think? Why, I think it's right queer if the chap we left at the double gates isn't trying to get even with us by riding around like a wild Indian, and wa ing his saddle blanket," replied the doubtog gentleman

Why, man, he's riding a gray borse," one of the others explained.
This put another face on the matter, and the gentleman made no further remark.

In fact, before anything else could be said, the young man in question came galloping "Did you fellows see It?" he inquired. But he had no need to inquire. Their atti-tude and the uneasy movements of their porses showed upmistakably that they had "Which way did It go?" was the

next question. There was no need to make reply. The direction in which the nuntsmen glanced every second showed dstakably which way It went "Let's get out of here," said the young man in the next breath. And there wa to need to make even this simple proposi tion, for, by common consent, and as by one impulse, horses and men started for the bars at a rapid trot. When the bars Each one was not carefully back in its place, for, though this was but a slight barrier to interpose between themselves and the terrible Black Thing, yet it

was something. Once in the road, they felt more at case not because they were safer there, but beuse it seemed that the night had sudde ly trailed its dark mantle westward.

"Did you notice," said the young may who was first to see the apparition, the Thing that was riding the Thing had

"It certainly had that appearance," plied the doubtful gentleman, "but ---"
"No 'buts' nor ifs' about it," insisted the young man. "It came so close to me that I could 'a' put my hand on it, and I noticed particular that the Thing on the back of the

han my big toe has got a head." The exaggeration of the young man was mblushing. If the Thing had come within en yards of him he would have fallen off his horse in a fit.

"And what was you doing all that time"? leorge Gossett inquired. His tone implied a

grave doubt. Trying to get away from that part of be country," replied the other, frankly "It was the same hoss that got after us that night," the young man continued. "I nowed it by the blaze in his eyes and th red on the inside of his nose. Why, it looked to me you could 'a' lit a ciga by holding it close to his eyes."

"I know how skeery you are," said deorge Gossett, disdainfully, "and I don't believe you took time to notice all these

"Skeer'd!" exclaimed the other; "why, But it was my mind that was skeered and not my eyes. You can't help seeing what's right at you, can you?"

This frankness took the edge off any criti cism that George Gossett might have made, seeing which the young man gave loose relies to his invention, which was happy nough in this instance to fit the suggestion that fear had made a place for in the mind of his companions.

world. The apparition the fox hunters saw was Aaron and the Black Stallion. The Sor of Ben Ali had decided that the intervabetween the first faint glimpse of dawn ar daylight was the most convenient time to give Timoleon his exercise and to fit his in some sort for the vigorous work he wa expected to do some day on the race track Aaron had hit upon that particular morning to begin the training of the Black Stallion and had selected the pasture as the training ground. It was purely a coincidence the fox hunters, but it was such a queen one that Little Crotchett laughed u tears came into his eyes when he heard

Aaron's version of the incident was a entirely different from that of the fox hunters that those who heard both would be unable to recognize in them an accounof the same affair from different points of view. As Aaron saw it and knew it the in cident was as simple as it could be. As he was riding the horse along the lane leading to the double gates, having left Rambier be-hind at the stable. Timoleon gave a snort and lifted his head higher than usual.
"Son of Ben Ali," hessid, "I smell strange

men and strange horses. Their scent is that went tumbling about the pasture the Not at this hour, Grandson of Abdallah."

All, but the men. If we find them shall I

We'll not see the men, Grandson of Abdallah. This is not their hour,"

not if we find them, Son of Ben All,"
persisted the Black Stallion.

"Save your teeth for your corn, Grandso of Abdallah," was the response.

As they entered the double gates, which Anton was surprised to find open, Timo-leon gave a series of fierce snorts, which was the same as saying, "What did I tell you, Son of Ben Ali? Look yonder! There sone; the others are galloping further on.

wa, Aaron had folded a large blanket be found hanging in the stable and was using it in place of a saddle. He lifted himself hack towards Timoleon's croup, seized the blanket with his left hand; and, boldin it by one corner, shook out the folds. Be iad no intention whatever of frightening any one, his sole idea being to use the blanket to screen himself from observation Rewould have turned back, but in the even of pursuat he would be compelled to lead his pursuers into the Abertrombie place, or along the public road, and either course would have been embarrassing. If he was to be pursued at all, he preferred to take the risk of capture in the wide pasture As a last resort he could slip from Time

coa's back and give the horse the word to use both teeth and heels. And this was why the fox hunters saw th.

pparition of a black borse and a headles

sported the Black Stallion. "Bear to the right; bear to the right Grandson of Abdallah," was the reply And so the apparition flitted past the young man who had left the double gates open, and past his companions who were waiting for him near the bars that opened on the big road, fitted past them and dis appeared.

Pifeling that there was no effort made to pursue him, Aaron checked the Black Stallion and listened. He heard the test and by that sign he knew they were not pa

Later on in the day the doubling centle an, returning from the fox hunt, called by the Abercrombie place and stopped long enough to tell the White-Haired Master of the queer sight he saw in the pasture at dawn

The boys were badly scared," he explained to Mr. Abercrombie, "and I tell you it gave men strange feeling a feeling that I can best describe by saying that if the earth had opened at my feet and a red flame shot up, it wouldn't have added one whit to my amazement. That's the hones

Mr. Aborevoroble could give him to out isfaction, though he might have made a shrewd guess, and Little Crotchett, who could have solved the mystery, had to make an excuse to get out of the way, to that he might have a hearty laugh. And Aaron, when he came to see the Little Master that night, knew for the first time that he had scared the fox

hunters nearly out of their wits. (To Be Continued.)

WOMAN ASCENDS POPOCATEPETI Miss Annie Peck Describes Her Daring Adventure.

City of Mexico, April 22 (via Galveston). Popocatepett has been conquered and we are happy.

The showers of last week gave place t clear skies and, tempted by the prospect of fine weather I started on Monday morning for the smoky mountain. Leaving Mexico by rail at 8 o'clock we reached Amecameca, a large village not far from the mountain, at 10. Gen. Ochoa Ind written to his major-dome to have everything in readiness, so we set forth about noon for the mountain.

There was a Mexican on horseback in charge of the expedition, five Indians on foot and ourselves, with a pack animal For nearly three hours we rode across the not, dusty plain toward the mountain be fore beginning by a circuitous route to ascend the foothill. We then climbed sev eral thousand feet up the wooded slopes until about 6 we reached the tanchof Gen Ochoa, 13,000 feel above the sea. The of the woods, co

The weather was magnificent and the prospect for the morrow favorable. Accommodations, however, are primitive. We slept on the floor at one end of the long buildng, our guides in a group at the other. We arown provisions, the guides theirs. We had been warned that the night would be trying, but I did not suffer any diffi culty from the altitude, though unfortu nately having been awakened about 11, I was unable to sleep much afterward.

At il arose, and soon after 5 we mounted our horses to ride to the base of the cone

at Las Cruces. climb. There is a slope of thirty degrees leeding up to the crater, though the angle is perhaps forty degrees. The great diffiulty in the climb was from the rarity of the air. At first I could walk fifty or sixty steps without stopping, later not nore than twenty, sometimes ten, and the steps were very short at that. Slowly we zigzaged back and forth up the moun tain side, the rapid palpitation of ou hearts compelling frequent balts. It was a tedious climb-now over black volcanic sand and then throughsoft snow into which we sank from three to ten inches. Slowly and still more slowly we ascended, reaching the crater about I o'clock. Here we aused for rest and then proceed mumit, nearly a thousand feet higher.

This part of the climb was more diffiult, though the quick throbbing of the art was still the chief drawback. reaching the highest point I was pleased to learn from the guide that I was the firs woman to attain the real summit in a freezing temperature of 26 1-2 degrees.

Nearly frozen I turned to descend, happy that one more mountain top had been at-tained. Below the crater I slid on petanes (straw mats) for much of the way, reaching the ranch about 6 o'clock. day morning I descended to Amecameca and returned to Mexico in the afternoon.

I am fully satisfied with the expedition ugh I confess I am not anxions to repeat it for a time at least. The story of the expedition I made I think will interest the readers of the Sunday World, and I am in hopes the observations made may b of some value to science. I will forward photographs taken on the summit as well as full details of the ascent at the carliest ssible moment-New York World.

The trials of the stammering man are numerous, particularly if he be sensitive about his affliction. A well-known gen-tleman residing on Vine street is afflicted with a halling tongue, and this is his latest adventure: A few days ago he had occasion to go out of town, and, as is his habit, equally bad as his misfortune, he made a very close run for his train. Rushing up to the ticket office he gurgled out: "G-g-g-g-ive m-m-me a t-t-t-ticket," then he stopped to get his breath. "Wh-wh-where t-t-t-to?" asked the ticket-seller, similarly afflicted, his eyes sticking out so that one could knock m off his face with a stick. The would be purchaser glanced hurriedly at the clock, saw he could not catch his train. "You n-ne-needn't m-m-mind

THE TRAMP IN OCEANIA.

From Jupiter Inlet to Cape Elizabeth rom Newport News to Alameda, the busky voice of the knight of the tomato can is heard at kitchen doors about meal time an at the police sergeant's desk when the weather is cold or wet, and darkness has fallen upon city streets.

Ubiquitous and often persistent under he most discouraging circumstances, it may nevertheless be said of him that even at his own miserable busin sorry fallure. From carefully compiled data of missions and other benevolent societies, it appears that very few tramps, not taking into account those not suffer-ing from chronic disease, live much longer than five years after entrance upon a vagabond life in this country, while in Surope their days are shorter still.

There is, however, one spot upon the earth's surface, far removed, it is true, from the burry and bustle of large cities, where, under skies almost always blue, with cooling airs to temper the ardeal summer, and wide-branching trees for shelter in the brief rainy season with all the food becan eat, within reach f his do-nothing hands, at all seasons, the chronic loafer may spend years of healthy animal existence. And not only so, but should be choose to be ambitious to rule in his own circle, he may wield a power almost as absolute as that of a New York alderman in his native ward and outside of it be both feared and fawned

For years the city of Papeete, the capital Talitt, has been a cave of Adollam, to which all who are in debt or difficulty may resort; a modern city of refuge in which even the red handed murderer may find absolute safety from the keenest pursuit. All that is necessary for him to do
is to be made free of the beachcombers'
union, and for obee in his life to make a
full and true confession to and a confident
of him who may be at the time the ruiing and guiding spirit of this unique organ-ization. For such it truly is. Neither the unspeakable horrors of a Tahitian jail nor prospect of life deportation to the French penal settlements of New Cale denia of Tonquin make this brazen out-cast quall or even cause him to cease from ats sullen defiance of the authorities.

Quite recently he has put-on a bolder front in consequence of having made a sort of alliance with the aborigines, who have, for some years past, been vigorously but vainty endeavoring to resist payment of taxes to the French government.

Two mortis ago this unwillingness took the form of absolute refusal to pay at all, the natives counting on the setive support of the benchcombers, should force he employed against them. Only the timely appearance of a French frigate, and later that of an English gunboat, prevented a serious outbreak. The news was first brought to this country by the barkenting Galilee, made famous by Stevenson, which, with the Vine and City of Paperte, carries the mails to and from Tahiti and San Francisco and is practically the only reg ular mode of communication between United States and this remote spot.

Under her mail contract she was obliged weigh anchor, just as the troubles scemed most threatening Later intelli-gence via Australia, per Canadian Steam ship Company's vessel Miowera, says the danger is over for the present, but that a riot, or something more serious still,

is only postponed for a short time.

Among these men, practically outlaws ire representatives of all nation of them are trained to arms, well educated and full of dare-devil courage. Not few are citizens of this country, and their feeling against the authorities is more in tense than that of their fellows, on ac count of the death of more than one them from alleged inhuman treatment is

One of the most infliential of their nu hers is a physician, who once had a very Incrative practice in San Francisc

He was arrested on a charge of mor-der, a woman having died as the result of a criminal operation performed by the doctor. So black was the case, and so strong the adverse sentiment, that he was compelled to give buil to the amount of \$10,000 in gold coin in order to save him-self from months' of confinement while waiting trial. This was an outrageously heavy ball to ask and to insist upon, but the State courts, when appealed to, po-litely but firmly refused to decrease it. ne night our doctor quietly swung him self aboard a fast solling ves Papeete, with a few hundred dollars, all that was left of his careful saving

Immediately after his arrival at Papeete he joined the beachcombers, and secame a power among them. With the natives be soon came to be almost we shipped, for he cared for them in sickness without charge, and his successful mod of treatment brought him such renown that although not recognized in any decent cently paid for in some critical cases amo the richer French merchants; and it is said, that many a poor wretch had clement shown to him at the doctor's interces when the harsh sentence had been passed compelling the unlucky one to deportation New Caledonia in default of his not eaving the island voluntarily, twenty-for ours after notice to do so. It is this severe law against those having no visible neans of subsistence which has instigated nany a desperate deed, and has drawn the oppressed native and the outcast t gether by a common bond of sympathy and elf-preservation. Besides this large clasthere is a smaller one, of whose past noth Ing is known; of people who made their appearance at the island as passengers on the Galilee, the Vine or the City of Papeete, three of the most renowned sail ing vessels in the Southern seas. Many kippers of either of these vessels reel off if so disposed.

The first time I saw the Vine she was lying at the Folsom-street wharf in San Francisco, one lovely Sunday morning in midsummer. She was all ready to sail, and a tug alongside had her hawser abourd to tow her down the bay. Her captain sat on the after deck house, smoking a cigar. He was evidently waiting for some one, and chafed at the delay. In a few minute a carriage was seen coming slowly down the wharf, followed by a wagon, piled high with baggage. The carriage con tained a lady and gentleman. The indy, who was quietly but richly dressed, was of dignified bearing and strikingly beautiful. It is impossible to describe the charm of her exquisitely perfect face, the radiance of her brilliant complexion, and the glory of her dull-gold hair, while her black, and again dark blue, fascinated, it was plain to be seen, not only the sailor men but their hitherto impassive captain as well. The gentleman was very tall, and deadly pale, his large, deep-set black eyes and hair enhancing the pallor. He was fearfully emaciated, and had his right arm and hand in a sling. The lady seemed much concerned at his great weakness, and the difficulty of getting him on board, an operation which took some little time.
Just as the last of the large trunks were shing aboard a cicrical looking gentle nade his appearance, and followed the

two passengers to the cabin. A few min-utes later he came ashore, the Vine cast off her moorings, the tug started ahead, and the yacht-like schooner swing out into the stream. All attempts to find out from the clergyman the names of the mys terious couple were fruitless; he shook his head when appealed to, and burried away. A few days later there was a paragraph

The beautiful lady and the moribu an now occupy a low, broad hour overlooking the city of Papeete. They live a quiet but luxurious life. The few intimate friends they have are chiefly cultured American and German residents Should the reader ever visit Tabiti and its lively capital, Papeete (and the one pected often happens), he may, us he pause to look at the seaward view, after climb ing an taoil, hear a rich, velvety contraint roice, accompanied in masterly style on the 'cello. And often a little knot of impecunious and half-naked beachcombe with artistic tastes will be found listenin to these aristocratic vagabonds, as the calmly smoke their pipes under the to spreading banyans at the gateway.

The last time I saw the Vine w vas blowing a hard gale from the north and the steamship Monowai, bound to San Francisco from Melbourne, was mak tog very dirty weather of it with engine-going at half speed. Away to windware the Vine was scooting along under lowe jib, double-reefed foresail and storm try She was making at least two knots our one. She was so close as she passes us that I could see the face of her skipps as he walked the weather quarter, her dee gleatning as white as a newly-launders heet, though the green water was pour ing like a mill race out of her lee scuppers That trip was the fastest ever made from the Marquesas Islands to San Francis by any vessel under sail.

Where is she now? Plowing the wave and Australia, and making pliene ns, or blackbirding among the Gilbert lands. Perhaps some alouching beach comber at Papeete may be able to an swer the question. Certain it is that the crack tramp schooner of the South Pacific has not tied up at any American whar for some time past

BRANSCOMBE ASHLEY.

THE GAMBLER'S LIFE. A Prominent Professional Says That

It Doesn't Pay. In a recent conversation with a Sun re-

porter I'st Sheedy, the famous gambler, reeved his mind concerning a matter which has been a source of aggravation and a natter of wonder to him for many years. "You cannot," said Sheedy, buse the average mind of the idea that the

cumbber is a man of money. Nothing vili convince people that his purse is not always full, and that he does not live on the fat of the land. Where people get this dea, and why, in the face of overwhelming violence to the contrary, they retain it when they do get it, is one of the mysteries that yours truly, Pat Sheedy, has tried in vain to solve for years. It is a mistakea great big mistake. It would almost be a joke if being broke wasn't one of the sadlest conditions a gambler can find himself

"I do not like to talk about myself Never in all my long career bave I sought notoriety. All of my gambling has been lone in an open way, and frequently inc lents have occurred which newspaper men have remarked as lateresting enough to Just to show you what a fallsey this bellef about gamblers is, however, m going to talk about myself for a me

"In this country I am held as a successful gambler. As gamblers go I am success Maybe I am a little more successful then my fellows. That simply means, if it is true, that my periods of prosperity are a little longer than those of some of my fellows who have, like myself, given thei am always prosperous? Does it mean that I am always well supplied with money that I never want for challes or any of the luxuries of life? No, no! It doesn't men any of these things. Maybe you don't be Heve that Pat Sheedy has been at the bot m of the hill as many times as he has been at the top. How many people could you convince that that was so? Not a dozen, I'll warrant you. Why, people would brugh. They think that I'at Sheedy, the man who breaks faro banks with as little oncera as he'd show over his dinner, tell you, though, that Pat Sheedy is a very fare banks as he's been with, and he's seen as many bad days as

any other business man. "I call myself a business man because gambling is my business. I regard myself s a good business man because I am a good gambler. Few business men have devoted hemselves more needdoonsly to their work at times, and the fare banks have broken me as many times or more than I have broken them. Everybody who knows me knows that when I sit down at the table and the fever comes over me I will not exit mtil I have got all of the bank's money or t has got all of mine. I have gone into a gambling house a rich man and come out penniless. I have gone in poor and come out wealthy. I have gone for weeks with ut money enough to buy me a square meal. I have sat in gambling houses and seen men There's Pat Sheedy, the lucky dog!' when I didn't have the price of a shave in my pocket. I have always managed to keep up a good appearance, because I always buy plenty of clothes when I've got money That's something you can't gamble aw gone into a gambling house on a shoe string, run it up into the thousands, and then lost it. Next day the papers have published accounts of my having been do A week later I have won a measly \$5,000 and the same papers have printed long ar-ticles headed 'Pat Sheedy Breaks Another Bank. Sometimes it worries me, sometim it makes me angry, but more often than

anything else it amuses me. "Now, if the gamblers have got all the where is it? Show me a gamble with a bank account; show me one with a bit of real estate. You can't do it. Pat Sheedy, the successful gambler, hasn't got any of it. If he had, would he be leaving this, God's own country, all the time Would be be chasing around the most obscure corners of the earth? No, sir. I can't gamble here, and I must gamble to live. I make my living at it, and a poor living it is If I had money I wouldn't scour the earth for games to play. I'd

"Don't ever believe it, my friend. The gambler has a harder time than any other business man. Once in a while he gets what slow-going, plodding people nightcall a great deal of money. But it never lasts him long. More often he is obliged to borrow the means to live on from his

"This general idea about gamblers, as I said before, I cannot understand. Maybe it comes from the fact that when we have money we are conspicuous, while when we are broke we are rarely seen. I can't at tempt to explain it, but some time when you're writing about these things just insert a few lines about what Pa has said today."-New York Sun. about what Pat Sheedy

A Rustler.

The dry goods merchant was explaining the attuation to the new drummer he had Just employed. "Your predecessor," he just employed. "Your predecessor," he said, "has got his business all tangied up, and if you take his place you will have a difficult task getting order out of chaos." "I don't know who Chaosis," eheerfully replied the drummer, "but I bet I'll sell him a bitl of goods if I have to hang on to him a week."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

A Border Heroine.

ng around to reopen the overland trail, every station of which in western Kanas had been captured by the Indian We had gone into camp one night after a continuous ride of nearly one hundred miles, and everybody but the sentinels was fast asleep, when there came riding in from the northwest a girl eighteen years old, named Mary Thompson. She was riding a pony without saddle or bridle, and she was battess and without shoes. Most auxious to hear her story before she reached the general's tent. Her report was terse and to the point. Ten miles to the northwest was a party of pioneers-eight wagons, twenty men and forty omen and children. The camp had been the girl had mounted her pony, dashed through the lines and galloped in search of aid. She had been followed for the first three or four miles by mounted In-dians, but had distanced them

Custer interrogated her concerning the situation of the camp and the strength of the Indians, and, believing the pioneer could hold their own through the night, the men were ordered back to their blankets. It was about an hour before daythe head of the column, with the general and two or three scouts, and we were within half a mile of the camp when the darkness faded away and gave us a view of the situation. Then it was a swift dash at the hostiles, a sharp fight for ten minutes, and we had sent the band

In and about the wagons lay six dead and four wounded men-ten dead or wound-ed women and children. Every horse and mule was disabled, and had we waited a quarter of an hour longer the Indians could have "rushed" and carried the camp and wiped out every human soul. At midnight they had cut off two of the outer wagons for a moment and made cap-tive a boy ten years old-Mary Thompson's own brother. Her mother and father were among the dead, her brother carried away by the warriors as they fied before

The soldiers and pioneers crowded about be girl and gave her words of sympathy, and for a few minutes she hid away in of the wagons to be alone with her ef. When she reappeared her tears had unished and she announced her resolution brother. Gen. Custer advised and argued with her, but she refused to go back to a point of safety with the surviving ploeers. She did not ask to go with the ic, but intended to depend upon erself alone. I think she would have been forced to go away with the pioneers had she remained with us a few minutes longer. start the rank and file learned of her determination. We outfitted her pony, sanded her over a Witchester rifle and a revolver and plenty of ammunition, supplied her with food for several cays, and nothing was lacking when she rode out of camp in the direction the Indians had taken Coster ordered two troopers to rsue and bring her back, but after a balf hearted chase of a couple of miles they hauted off and returned. That was the way Mary Thompson came to us and left us, and from the time she passed out of our right no white man saw her again for Weeks.

The adventures of the brave young girl for the next four months would make a book. The craftiest scout attached to Custer's command could not have taken better care of himself. Knowing that her village among the hills to be held captive. the gave all her attention to dodging war parties and hunting out villages. On the old maps of Kansas there used to be a creek called Thompson Creek, and it was d after the girl. One morning after entered a grove of willows and cotton woods on a little island in the middle of the stream had three men and two borses wounded to lie up for the day. About 10 o'clock in In the five-minute fight. One of the encon an Indian band numbering about 250 old men, women and children came along and made their camp on the troop, and he made the electric pistol shot of the hiding girl. Among the He had been clothed in Indian dress, but | Museum of Natural History in New York he identified him at once. He was among he score of lads sent across to the grove to at lodge poles and firewood, and the girl planned a feat which the most daring scout

would have hesitated to attempt. It was to carry the boy off in the face of the village, and it was not her fault that the first to reach the island, and she rode poidly out of shelter and called him by name and moved toward him. He was so surprised at sight of her that he ran away She overtook him and seized and tried to lift him on to the saddle, but he brok away from her and the Indians sounde the slarm. As many as a score of old mer and boys mounted ponies and attempted tocapture Miss Thompson, but after wounding two and being chased for five rules she made her escape. She did not go far. however. Having located the village in which the boy was held she determined to hong about until her mission was accom

It was Mary Thompson who gave in formation of the fate of the Shutter and Taylor families, and of several prominen pioneers who were missing after the out break had been suppressed. The two gether in their wagons, reckless of the tion ahead of a rush of pioneers. The one, and from her hiding place in a dry ravine, Mary was a witness of the massacre. She saw a man named Sawyer, who was one of the pioneer rachmen, captured by score of Indians one afternoon, and tw hours later, when a larger band of In-dians had come up, he was burned at the stake, within a quarter of a mile of ther named Williamson, who made a ride of forty niles, and finally escaped, seven or eight Indians crossed the ravine in which the girl was hiding for the day, passed within thirty feet of her. they been less intent on the fugitive ahead, they must have seen her and made

her captive.

The mound known as "Thompson's Fort" was also named after Mary Thomp-son. Her stock of ammunition had been reduced to nine cartridges when she met plied with a hundred rounds and as much provisions as she would take. She had then been dogging the Indians for over two months, and had donned male attire as the handiest to get about in. There were Indians on the trail of the so party, and an hour after Mary had gone her way she found twelve mounted war riors in sight behind her. This was at 10 o'clock in the morning and on the open plains. She headed for the far-away hills to the west, and for the first hour permitted the Indians to gain on her. When they had come within half a mile she set the pace to hold them there, and made one of the greatest rides recorded under like circumstances. Her horse was in prime condition and the ponies were also at their

and unhurt. The race and pursuit lusted for sixty miles, every rod of which was covered at a gallop. The girl was riding straight into the enemy's country, and at sundown she determined to go no further. As she reached the creek flowing around the east base of "Thompson's Fort," which is a bill standing by itself, she threw herself off her horse and took a long drink and then led the animal to the crest of the hill. Fortunately for her, there was a sink or basin at the top, with many loose rocks lying about, and in a short time sho had done all that a soldier could have accomplished under the circumstances. As the Indians came up they spread out to encircle the hill. They had run their ictim to earth and were in no burry to face her rifte.

From dark to dawn the heroine was not disturbed, and she afterward related that she slept fairly well. She had a soldier's canteen full of water, pleasy of provisions and ammunition, and was not at all dismayed over the situation. When orning came the Indians demanded her reender, giving her much praise and promising to excert her to one of their villages undurt. This they would likely save done, but she did not propose to e a captive while able to give a hot from rifle or revolver. Two were consumed by the fadiens in trying to negotiate a surrender, and then, findng the girl inflexible, they made their first attack. At a given signal the twelve, who were under the command of a sub-chief, named Little Borse, rushed for the crest of the hill. They gained it, but, after a fight of two minutess, were driven of, with the loss of two werriors killed and one wounded. This last was the chief He was shot through the cheek and had the tip of his away, and so badly did this interfer with his speech that, two years later, he drowned himself in despair. So well was the girl intrenched on the crest of the hill that it was deemed unwise to attack her again, and the band sat down starve her out. For three nights and two days she held the fort, wounding two other Indians and escaping all their bullets, and n the Indians withdrew and left her. and she went her way in peace.

As I saw Mary Thompson when she first

set out on her dangerous mission, so did I see her when it had been consisted. From May ontil November she scouted the plains and dedged among the hills alone, her life and liberty in peril almost every hour in the twenty-four The village in which her brother was held captive moved many twenty-four times, but she always located it snew, and watched for her opportunity. It came one night with the setting in of winter. was a hizzard raging when she entered the village, crept from lodge to lodge, and finally found her brother asleep between two boys. She woke him up, and got him out of the lodge without distarb ing the others, and once they had mounted her horse they set off in the direction of a sopply camp sixty miles distant. severe was the storm, however, that after riding ten miles the pair made car a ravine outil the worst was over. It was thirty hours before the storm ceased, and the Indians soon started and picked up the traff almost as soon as the pair had taken The snow lay two feet deep camp. the level, and with the horse carrying run. Camped in a similar ravine, ten miles to the west, were three-companies of the Seventheavniry, and we had just here enmp and gotten into the saddle when Many Thompson, with her brother on the soddle behind her, came riding down upon us, with the yelling Indians only half a nile away.

anthropists have been pleased to term a thans." There were twenty-two is the band, all were armed, but they came over the tidge and down among us before lived to get back to the village, while we Indians was killed by the girl herself, who was as cool as the com sast bank of the stream, and within by her rifle during her weary search. Among the Indian exhibits in the Smith vine, and among the Indians I met after escaped with his life. He was from to say that had the girl and her basher been captured they would have been tortured to death. When we reached Fort Wallace Mary and Jimmle were with us. The boy had been adopted into the tribe and fairly well used, and through all the perils and hardships the sister h kept her health and came out rosy cheeked and bright eved. For several weeks she cheered her whenever she walked out She was a real heroine and deserved better at the hands of fate. After a time she fell in love with a shiftless, no account teamster and they were married and a year or two later he got drung and shot her by accident, and no search could today find the grave in which she CHARLES B. LEWIS.

Two Grave Blunders,

A Chicago paper recently gave on account of the excitement occasioned by an undertaker's wagen driving up to the rear of a house in that city and taking on board a load of something. The neighbors were at once greatly aroused. In the flutry some body turned in an alarm at the nearest patrol box, and pretty soon a patrol wagon loaded with policemen came tearing down the alley on the lookout for the supposed murderer. The matter was finally explained in a very simple way. It appears that the owner of the house in question is in-terested in a farm and brings his share of produce into town. His stock of potatoes seing altogether more than he could con sume, he told several of his friends to came around and help themselves to us many bushels as they wanted. One of friends is an undertaker and he sent his professional wagon. Hence the rumpus. This is like an incident that happened on

Sibley street several years ago. The wife tractive thoroughfare wanted a few pounds his who is a furniture dealer and an under toker as well. The undertaker thoughtlessly sent the husks around to the Sible; street house in his dead wagon. Probably half the neighbors in the vicinity saw the wagon drive up and halt. The other half heard of it in a few hours. And everybody imagined the very worst-whatever that might be The professional man's wife didn't know at first that anything was wrong, but she found it out pretty soon. The neighbors waited patiently for the funeral to come off, and then one day-it might have been a week afterwards a little girl who lived a few doors away said to the professi

man's wife: "Mamma says somebody died to your ouse an' you're tryin' to hide it. That roused up the astonished lady and she forthwith went about the neighborhood

explaining matters.